

HEAVY ARTILLERY DUELS IN THE SIXTH WEEK OF VERDUN BATTLE

# The Daily Mirror

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No. 3,876.

Registered at the G.P.O.  
as a Newspaper.

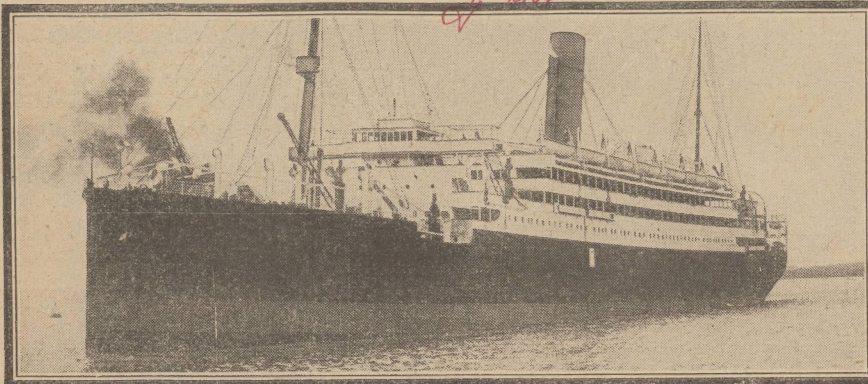
MONDAY, MARCH 27, 1916

One Halfpenny.

A FIGHT TO A FINISH IN THE NORTH SEA: CAPTURED HUNS' ADMIRATION FOR BRITISH CHIVALRY.



How we buried the dead German sailor. The coffin, wrapped in the Imperial German flag, borne to the cemetery at Leith on a gun carriage.



The Alcantara, which had a gross tonnage of 15,631. She belonged to the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company.

Chivalry and kultur do not walk hand in hand, and on more than one occasion the Huns have been moved to comment with admiration on the humane manner in which they have been treated by the British. This was again the case when the injured from the raider Greif were placed in the hands of doctors and those who were still sound in limb were given food and hot coffee. One man was injured beyond recovery, and was



Captain T. E. Wardle, of the Alcantara.—(Russell.)

buried at Leith with full military honours. The sinking of the Greif adds another glorious page to British naval history. Although the British armed merchant ship Alcantara was mortally damaged, her gunners poured broadside after broadside on the enemy before going down, and created the greatest havoc, which resulted in the German vessel, which was disguised as a Norwegian, foundering.



# FIFTY LIVES LOST IN TORPEDO-CRIME AGAINST THE STEAMER SUSSEX

## LIVELY AIR DEBATE EXPECTED.

Mr. Pemberton Billing to Return to the Charge.

## STILL MORE MEN WANTED.

(By Our Parliamentary Correspondent.)  
A good deal of a lively nature is likely to be heard in Parliament during the coming week about our naval and military air services. At the earliest opportunity Mr. Pemberton Billing, the airman M.P., will take up Mr. Tennant's challenge thrown down to him last week. Mr. Billing is anxious to produce evidence that men have gone up in aeroplanes which were unsafe and unsound for the duties they were called upon to perform.

Here are the words he used in last week's debate—

"Everyone of our pilots knows when he steps into them [air machines] that if he gets back it will be more by luck and by his skill than by any mechanical assistance he will get from the people who provide him with the machines."

"I do not want to touch the dramatic note, but if I did I would suggest that quite a number of our gallant officers in the Royal Flying Corps have been rather murdered than killed."

Mr. Billing will, in all probability, have an opportunity of substantiating his charges to-morrow, when the Consolidated Fund Bill comes up for third reading.

Meanwhile many questions about air raids and the activity of our own airmen are on the paper for the coming week.

Two other problems of vital moment are the recruiting and the Allies' Economic Conference

## IMPATIENT "GINGER" GROUPS.

Men belonging to the "Ginger" groups are getting very impatient concerning the unfolding of the Government's plans for the provision of further men for the Army.

According to Lord Kitchener, even if all the married men who have attested are called to the colours there will still remain a deficiency which the Derby attestations and the resources of the Military Service Act cannot fill.

Ministers realise that they will have to extend the scope of the Military Service Act, but they are determined to postpone action until the last moment.

A further attempt to get the Government to determine upon a definite course of action at the Paris Economic Conference will be made to-morrow, when Mr. Ronald McNeill will ask for facilities for his motion, which favours—

A commercial policy realising trade with the Central Powers after the war.

Close trade relations with the Allied Powers, subject to preferential treatment to the last Empire.

Mr. McNeill suggests that as the present Government is a coalition representing parties holding divergent economic opinions, they shall be represented at the Economic Conference in Paris by a member of each of the parties in the Coalition.

The Government have already anticipated this proposal, for it is understood that the British representation will include Mr. Bonar Law as well as Mr. Runciman.

## AN "INCURABLE'S" RECOVERY.

Through the shock of accidentally falling from his bed in King's College Hospital, Den-

mark-hill, Corporal Drinkwater, A.S.C., has recovered his power of speech and hearing.

He had been a patient since September last.

Drinkwater joined the colours in March last, and was sent to Gallipoli, where he was wounded on June 19 with shrapnel in the arm.

He left the hospital in July, and while taking food to the trenches became deaf and dumb.

After remaining in hospital for two months he was sent home as incurable.

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## American Woman Killed While Chatting—Gallant Rescues from the Sea—Mystery of Sailing Ship.

## ANOTHER SHIP SUNK WITHOUT WARNING.

There is no doubt left that the cross-Channel steamer *Sussex* was torpedoed. One passenger states that a submarine flying the German flag was seen.

Statements of passengers and crew confirm the fact that the wake of a torpedo was seen, and a dispatch from Washington states that the United States Ambassador in Paris reports to the State Department in the American capital that the American Consul at Dieppe is satisfied that the *Sussex* was torpedoed.

## SHIP THAT SAILED AWAY.

There is still uncertainty as to the number of lives lost, but it is now definitely established that one American citizen is dead. Two

more Americans are lying gravely injured in hospital at Dover, and it is probable that two or three others are drowned.

One of the mysteries connected with this latest outrage upon humanity committed by the Huns concerns a three-masted sailing ship.

This vessel was sighted by the *Sussex* about four o'clock. Signals were made to her, and she approached for some time; then she went about and sailed slowly away.

The *Sussex*, it is officially stated, carried 383 passengers and fifty crew.

The passenger service between Folkestone and Dieppe has been suspended until further notice.

The steamer *Salybia* (3,352 tons), from West Indies to London, it was stated on Saturday, was torpedoed without warning. The crew of forty-two and the passengers, numbering eight, were saved and landed.

## SKILFUL HANDLING OF SHIP.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Dover, Sunday.—No doubt is felt by those aboard the Channel mail steamer *Sussex* that the vessel was deliberately torpedoed without the least warning, and that but for the skilful handling of the ship by the captain the loss of life would have been appallingly greater.

The latest estimate is that over fifty people have lost their lives, including many women and children. At least one American was killed amongst the dead, and two Americans are among the many people severely injured.

Sixty-nine survivors were landed at Dover today from a torpedo-boat destroyer which had rescued them, and a large number of others were rescued by a French trawler, which took them into Boulogne.

Many of the injured were taken on to a hospital ship at Dover and others to hospital.

An unidentified sailing ship which did not render aid although rockets were being fired from the torpedoed steamer was strongly commented upon by the survivors. There seems to be a good deal of mystery about the ship.

## BOAT THAT CAPSIZED.

Mr. Edward Marshall, of the New York Sun, who was crossing by the *Sussex* on his way to Paris, said: "I have no doubt that the ship was torpedoed. The boat which capsized was lowered from the starboard davits about opposite the smoking room, where I was standing."

"The boat suddenly went over, throwing everybody into the sea. I shall never forget the moan which came from those people as they realised the boat was capsizing."

"I should like to pay a tribute to an American woman, Mrs. Hilton, the daughter-in-law of a celebrated American Judge. Although it was feared her own daughter had been washed out of one of the boats—she probably was—Mrs. Hilton devoted herself to the injured with a sympathetic energy which was not less than marvellous."

"Fifty per cent. of those who were thrown into the sea by the accident or jumped in were not wearing lifebelts, although I saw plenty of lifebelts on the ship."

"But moving nowadays is a tougher proposition altogether, particularly when we have only the unskilled hands of the greengrocer to assist us, and have to lay the carpets ourselves."

"This is the first time," said the perspiring father, in his shirt sleeves, "I have had this experience."

"When we moved on the last occasion everything passed off with a minimum of inconvenience, thanks to Messrs. —'s trained men and a couple of pantechnicons."

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ing after the safety of passengers, and was the sort of man to inspire confidence.

A lifeboat was sent off to a sailing ship that did not look far off, but the sailing ship turned away immediately. A very peculiar thing was noticed by myself and others.

"The ship was torpedoed, and I do not know whether it had any connection with what occurred, we saw a white cloth—about 500ft. long—in the sea at a depth of 4ft. or 5ft. and nothing parallel with the ship until she drifted away from it."

## AMERICANS IN THE SUSSEX.

A good deal of information concerning the Americans who were on board the *Sussex* was given by Mr. C. T. Crocker, of 136, Prospect-street, Fitchburg (Mass.), who, with his cousin, Mr. G. H. Crocker, Mr. W. G. Gentled (of Wisconsin), and Mr. J. H. Harvard (of Massachusetts), members of the American Field Ambulance.

Mr. Crocker said other Americans on board were Mr. Colbertson (of Princeton University), Miss Baldwin (who, with her mother, had crossed the Atlantic on the same liner, the *New York*), and another American woman understood to be travelling for Messrs. Wanamaker.

In addition there were also Mrs. Hilton and her daughter.

## "MIRACLE OF THE DISASTER."

"The most extraordinary feature of the whole disaster, a miraculous one that certainly saved several hundred lives, was that, although nearly one-third of the *Sussex* had been blown away, the ship did not sink nor settle down lower in the water," was the opinion expressed by one of the survivors, Mr. Bardac, a well-known Paris banker.

M. Bardac, a brother-in-law of M. de Fleuriat, Councillor of the French Embassy in London, had both legs badly crushed in the disaster, and is in bed at the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover.

He was in an alleyway in the forepart of the ship when the torpedo struck her.

"There was a sudden blinding crash," he said, "a tremendous upheaval, and then the cabins on both sides of me fell on top of me, pinning me by the legs."

The French Admiralty communiqué, says Reuter, states:—

The British mailboat *Sussex*, carrying about 380 passengers, was torpedoed in the Channel yesterday by an enemy submarine.

"The captain saw the torpedo about 100 yards from the vessel, and immediately manoeuvred to avoid it, but the ship was struck in the bow. The ship, however, continued to float."

The communiqué adds that the *Sussex* was towed to Boulogne, and that the number of those who lost their lives is estimated at fifty.

## HIS OWN REMOVER.

## Shortage of Labour Forces Household-ers to Move Furniture.

Contrary to general expectation, the number of removals on quarter-day was extraordinarily small.

It had been anticipated that in view of the calling up of attested married men Lady Day would have found hundreds, if not thousands, of families migrating into smaller houses, or joining relatives and intimate friends in a co-operative system of housekeeping under one roof.

In one suburban villa in South-West London *The Daily Mirror* discovered father, mother, grown-up sons and daughters all engaged in the removal of the "home," helped by a local greengrocer, whose pony and covered cart were brought to their assistance.

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## SPRING SUNDAY IN THE PARK.

Warm Sun Makes Church Parade an Animated Scene.

## JUBILATION AT THE ZOO.

With the keen bite of the east out of the wind, and with a pleasantly warm spring sun shining down, London made the best of its first spring Sunday yesterday.

Church parade in the Park was certainly the most animated of the year, and although towards afternoon the sky clouded over and the temperature dropped many degrees, the country-bound motor-omnibuses were more crowded than they have been since autumn.

But the spring is very late this year, as visitors to the parks found.

Hampton Court and Kew Gardens were well filled with visitors, but there were few flowers in bloom.

The crocuses made a fine show, although many of them have suffered from the recent frosts.

But yesterday there was a distinct feeling of spring in the air. The Zoological Gardens decidedly felt it.

## CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH.

The Zoo has had a remarkably good bill of health during the past winter, *The Daily Mirror* was told.

There has been very little sickness and the animals are in excellent condition.

Nearly every resident is in good spirits, especially the parrots, who are particularly loquacious and look longingly through the door of

their house at their perches outside, questioning freely the visitors as to the exact temperament of the weather.

The monkey-house is very peaceful, being still in mourning on account of the lamented death of George, the mandrill.

The penguins are looking very happy and obese, finding the winter very profitable, for they live practically on their favourite dish—sprats—owing to the scarcity of whiting.

Now that spring has come the elephants are getting into training for the summer, which is their working season.

Yesterday one "Jumbo," finding that *The Daily Mirror* representative had not brought a peace offering of buns, gave him, with the aid of his trunk, a good "dousing" with water.

But, in spite of all, there are a few "grouches." The elephant seal is very bored and keeps as much as possible beneath water, and Barbara, the polar bear, is also disappointed, for she was waiting for more winter weather, and looks appealingly up to the sky praying for another snowstorm.

Wheat fell in price from 18s. 6d. to 4s. per quarter in different parts of the country on Saturday, and there is a prospect that bread may be still cheaper very soon.

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Corporal Drinkwater.

## HUN PLOTS AGAINST CARDINAL.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.—According to reports from Cologne, the Vatican has been notified unofficially by German emissaries with a view of getting Cardinal Mercier removed from Brussels to Rome as long as the war lasts. The idea is to give the Cardinal a post in the Curia, but it has been rejected as being unneutral.—Exchange.

## MR. HUGHES INDISPOSED.

Mr. W. M. Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia, is indisposed, and, under doctors' orders, will keep to his bed for a day or two. He has contracted a chill, and is also feeling the strain of his activities during the past few days.



# FRENCH LINES NORTH-WEST OF VERDUN IN FERCELY SHELLED NIGHT

## Airmen Drop Large Bombs on German Bivouacs.

## SURPRISE MOVES FAIL.

## Two Attempts to Reach Croix des Carmes Trenches Stopped.

## FIGHTING AT SALONIKA.

To-day marks the beginning of the sixth week of the great battle for Verdun.

### BATTLE OF THE GUNS.

West of the Meuse, that is to say, north-west of Verdun citadel, there has been fierce shelling, but so far no definite sign of the expected renewal of the German offensive.

Two surprise attacks were made by the Germans on the French trenches at Croix des Carmes; the Germans were forced to retire without achieving their object and left some dead on the field. German bivouacs at Nantillois and Montfaucon were bombed by two French airmen during the night of Saturday-Sunday.

### BALKANS ONCE MORE.

There is "liveliness" at Salonika, if a semi-official report from Athens be true. It is stated that the Germans have begun "a strong offensive" on the line Hamu-Capu, and that this attack is being successfully resisted by the French.

### CATCHING THE RAIDER.

Our Navy was not to be caught napping twice, and the Huns' second attempt to get another Moewe through ended in failure, and the Greif, disguised as a Norwegian trader, lies at the bottom of the North Sea.

True, we lost an auxiliary cruiser in so doing, but the story must make every Englishman's blood thrill, showing, as it does, that our seamen of to-day can battle against odds in the same manner and with the same success as did Nelson's Hearts of Oak.

In addition to losing a more powerful boat, too, the Huns lost a U boat, though, with their usual regard for veracity, they claim that the lost auxiliary vessel was a 15,000 ton cruiser.

## BIG BOMBS DROPPED ON GERMAN BIVOUACS.

## Raid by Two French Airmen on Nantillois and Montfaucon.

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Sunday.—The official communiqué issued this afternoon is as follows:—

To the west of the Meuse there was a very violent bombardment during the night in the sectors of Malancourt, Eeues and Hill 204, without any infantry action.

To the east of the Meuse the night was comparatively calm.

There was some artillery activity in the Woivre.

At the Bois-le-Preire two coups de main, carried out by the enemy on the Croix des Carmes trenches, were repulsed by our rifle fire.

The enemy was compelled to withdraw, leaving some of his dead on the ground.

In the Vosges we bombarded convoys at Watwiller.

On the rest of the front no event of importance to record.

Aviation.—During the night of March 25-26 two of our aeroplanes dropped sixteen large-sized shells on the enemy bivouacs at Nantillois and Montfaucon.—Reuter.

## "ON DEFENSIVE UNTIL FURTHER ORDERS."

PARIS, Sunday.—A semi-official statement issued last night says:—

"There were again only artillery actions in front of Verdun to-day. For three days the enemy's infantry has delivered no attack."

"The respite which the Germans are allowing

themselves in their offensive indicates that as the result of the heavy price they have paid for their feeble advances they are doubtless making fresh dispositions for further efforts, which they hope will be more successful.

"The renewal of their offensive appears, indeed, to be near at hand, as they are already bombarding our second lines on both banks of the Meuse, but after this comparatively long period of preparation it is evident that they will not take our high command by surprise.

### TACTICAL AIM.

"To the violent demonstrations of the enemy it will reply cautiously, with an active resistance methodically adjusted to the tactical aim in view.

"We are on the defensive; we must remain on the defensive until further orders, since our object in this affair is to hold firm and to shatter in detail the enemy's assaults, inflicting on him the maximum of losses—in a word, to contain him by fighting.

"It is a maxim of war that the defensive enables troops to resist an enemy even superior in number, for a certain time, inflicting on him heavy losses, and while applying the principle of economy of strength, struggling materially and morally until the wastage of the enemy being sufficient, the defence can pass to the counter-offensive.

### "WE AWAIT THIS HOUR."

"To recreate the enemy can be attacked and in his turn driven from his positions, which is the final aim of the action.

"We await this hour without impatience. Until then we repose in our chiefs the confidence which they have merited by their firmness and coolness in combating the tenacious determination of the enemy."—Reuter.

## HOW THE DUTCH LINER TUBANTIA WAS SUNK.

## Evidence Which Conclusively Shows She Was Torpedoed by the Germans.

THE HAGUE, Saturday.—The Ministry of Marine announces that among fragments of metal found in two boats belonging to the torpedoed Dutch liner Tubantia were two pieces of bronze.

Their colour and shape suggested that they originated from the air chamber of a torpedo. This theory has now been further strengthened as the result of experiments made with the two pieces.—Central News.

The foregoing statement should be read in connection with the following announcement made by the Secretary of the Admiralty yesterday:—

(1) During the present war six German bronze torpedoes complete have been picked up in North Sea and Channel.

(2) The dimensions, the screw-threaded holes and strength and elasticity given all point to the metal being portion of the air chamber of a bronze torpedo.

(3) There is no portion of any French or British torpedo or mine consisting of metal of this size, thickness, or strength.

(4) So far as our knowledge goes, in every case (except one) in which a ship has been torpedoed by the Germans a bronze torpedo has been used.

## AMERICANS WARNED.

WASHINGTON, Saturday.—There has not yet been any action between the United States and Villa forces.

President Wilson has issued a warning to the American people against alarmist Mexican reports which are being disseminated, he says, by sinister and unscrupulous influences in the interests of certain American owners of Mexican properties.—Reuter.

## HERO PRINCE AS GUEST.

The Serbian Legation states that the Crown Prince of Serbia is expected to arrive in London during the week. He is remaining in Paris for a few days.

## GERMANS BEGIN FIGHTING IN THE BALKANS.

## Reported Strong Enemy Offensive on the Line Hamu-Capu.

ATHENS, Saturday.—It is semi-officially reported here that the Germans have begun a strong offensive on the line Hamu-Capu. The French are successfully resisting their attack.

In the Greek Chamber to-day M. Gramulus, Minister of Finance, stated that the Government would do all they could to hasten the evacuation by the civil population of the zone in which fighting appeared to be imminent.

Ghevel was on the eve of invasion by the forces of the Central Powers, and the inhabitants were bound to suffer from the fighting, as the Government were helpless to prevent it.

### GREEK PREFECT'S REFUSAL.

A semi-official message from Candia states that the prefect has refused to give up a Greek and a German whose surrender had been asked for by the British Consul.—Reuter.

ATHENS, Saturday (delayed).—Overnight dispatches state that the Germans yesterday bombarded the village of Bresli, south-east of Matsi-covo, with heavy artillery. Encounters continue in the Doiran sector with increasing frequency. German aeroplanes have bombarded the Allied aerodrome at Taghesi.—Exchange.

### ALLIED AIR RAID.

Telegraphing on Saturday, the special correspondent of the *Petit Parisien* at Salonika, says the Exchange, states that twenty-two bombardier aeroplanes flew over the German encampments and with entire success dropped a large number of bombs, causing enormous damage.

## BRITISH OFFICER BRINGS DOWN HUN SEAPLANE.

## Flight-Lieutenant Graham's Thrilling Fight Off the Belgian Coast.

A vivid description of the feat of Flight-Lieutenant Graham in assisting to bring down a German seaplane off the Belgian coast on December 14 is given in a letter to Mr. Graham's father from a colleague of the pilot in the Royal Naval Air Service.

Flight-Lieutenant Graham, who has been awarded the D.S.O., has since his exploit been severely injured, but is now convalescent. His brother officer writes:—

"Dear Mr. Graham,—I want to send you just a line, though in haste, to say how very proud we are of dear old Graham and how greatly we value our association with him.

"I suppose he has not told you a word about his feat in bringing down the big German seaplane. It would be just like him to say nothing about it. The facts, so far as I can gather them, are that he set out, accompanied by Ince, to patrol over the fleet to guard them against German aircraft, and while so engaged caught sight of the enemy in the act of dropping bombs on one of the ships.

"By skilful manoeuvring he got his machine under the tail of the great seaplane, and Ince was able to open fire with the automatic gun.

"Hearing Ince stop, Graham, with ready intuition, divined that his superior speed had carried him too far for Ince to continue to operate the gun; hence he quickly turned a complete circle and came under the seaplane's tail, as before, and a third fusillade poured into the luckless enemy.

"Then the gun ceased entirely, and Graham rushed in the direction of the enemy's lines to intercept the seaplane as soon as the gun was put right by Ince, carefully working out in his mind his plan of campaign as he went; but on turning to discover the whereabouts of the foe he saw merely a blazing mass on the surface of the water, and promptly descended to investigate.

Flight-Lieutenant Ince has since been awarded the D.S.M.



A battery in action at the battle of Shaik Saad, in Mesopotamia.

## GRIM BATTLE IN THE NORTH SEA.

## Second Moewe Sent to Bottom by Auxiliary Cruiser.

## FIGHT AGAINST ODDS.

An attempt by the Germans to repeat the exploit of the Moewe soon met with disaster, though in defeating their plans we lost a gallant ship and five brave officers and sixty-nine men.

The story as told below is reminiscent of the days of Nelson, when English seamen met cheerfully and defeated decisively enemies who were considerably their superiors in strength.

PRESS BUREAU, Saturday.—The Secretary of the Admiralty makes the following announcement:—

An engagement took place on February 29, in the North Sea, between an armed German "raider" Greif, disguised as a Norwegian merchant vessel, and his Majesty's armed merchant cruiser Alcantara (Captain T. E. Wardle, R.N.). The engagement resulted in the loss of both vessels (the German "raider" being sunk by gunfire and the Alcantara apparently by a torpedo). Five German officers and 115 men were picked up and taken prisoners out of a total complement of 140, that is believed to have been over 300. The British losses amounted to five officers and sixty-nine men.

It should be noted that during the whole of the engagement the enemy fired over the Norwegian colours painted on the side of the ship.

This news is now published, as it is made clear by receipt of the German wireless message that the enemy have learned that the Greif, a similar ship to the one which had been destroyed before she had succeeded in passing our line of patrols.

The Alcantara belonged to the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company and was built in 1914 by Harland and Wolff, at Belfast. She had a gross tonnage of 15,241.

### THE GERMAN VERSION.

AVANTAGE, Saturday.—A communiqué issued in Berlin by the German Admiralty states:—

According to news which has reached here from various places, and has been again confirmed, an engagement took place on February 29 in the northern part of the North Sea between the German auxiliary cruiser Greif and three British cruisers and one destroyer.

In the course of the battle the Greif sank by a torpedo shot a great English cruiser of some 15,000 tons, and finally blew itself up.

About 150 men of the crew of the Greif, whose names are not yet known, are now English prisoners of war. They are cut off from all communication with the world by the English, who are observing the strictest secrecy regarding the events. Measures against this have been taken.—Reuter.

## A GRIM STRUGGLE.

A correspondent of the Press Association says:—

The British ship which sighted the German raider was an auxiliary cruiser which patrols the coast.

The marksmanship of the British gunners was effective almost from the outset, and time and again the raider, though a heavier vessel and the speedier, was hit and damaged.

A British destroyer succoured all whom they could find in the water—British and German aces—and also had the satisfaction of sending one of Germany's fleet of U boats to the bottom of the North Sea.

On the afternoon of the Wednesday following the fight a number of German seamen arrived at Leith and were conveyed to Edinburgh Castle in motor cars—buses and ambulance wagons.

Another correspondent of the Press Association, writing of the same event, says: "The British patrol challenged a vessel disguised as a Norwegian, and the commander intimated, 'I'm going to board you,' and ordered a boat to be lowered.

### BETRAYED BY RIPPLES.

The Exchange Company furnishes the following account of the North Sea fight:—

The Alcantara in the course of her patrolling duties sighted in the distance a vessel which, though showing the Norwegian flag, was acting in a suspicious manner.

It was noticed that at one time she had two funnels, again three, and at length one.

Next a lookout espied a double line of ripples on the surface of the water, which betrayed the coming of two torpedoes.

By skilful manoeuvring one of these was averted, but the other caused a serious hole in the vessel.

By this time the stranger, later discovered to be the Greif, had opened fire, and had jammed the wireless of the Alcantara.

The first shot from the British vessel carried away the German's bridge and all who were on it, and the gun duel proceeded.

Next a shot carried away the wireless masts of the Greif.

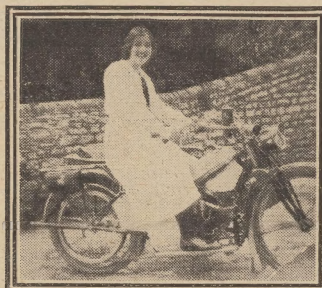
The auxiliary cruiser Andes first appeared on the scene, and other British craft soon made their appearance, and the work of rescue proceeded apace.



## MUCH-TRAVELLED PHOTOGRAPHS AWAITING OWNERS.



Found in a small village in France. The photograph is signed "Jenny."



Signed "Sue, June 12, 1915."



Found in Rouen, signed "Norah."



From Egypt.



Found at Loos in old pocket-book.



From Ypres.

These photographs have reached *The Daily Mirror* Offices, some of them after long journeys in search of the owners. The photograph from Egypt is signed "Much love, Ivy," and that from Ypres was picked up in a dug-out.

## BACK FROM SERBIA



Dr. Caroline Matthews, who is just back from Serbia. She wears a khaki uniform.

## AMBULANCE LAUNCH IN MESOPOTAMIA.



A hospital launch on the Tigris, where the transport of the wounded has proved a very difficult matter. This craft can carry as many as fifty men.

## WOUNDED GUESTS OF NORTH LONDON FIRM.

Group taken at the entertainment given to wounded soldiers on Saturday by Jones Brothers, Limited, of Holloway.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)

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# Daily Mirror

MONDAY, MARCH 27, 1916.

## "AFTER THE WAR..."

WE have dared on several occasions to protest against the unhealthy habit of talking too much or too soon about "after the war," while the war yet remains to be won.

Yet in one sense such talk is allowable—that is, when it relates entirely to measures of reformation and renewal. Though peace may not be upon us "any day," it is certain that some day will bring peace: in consequence, these combative months must have, as in the great conference at Paris, their undercurrent of preoccupation and prevision in regard to economic and other means of recovery.

From this point of view, we are glad to note that, at present, there's a cheerful conviction in dinner-table talk that a new earth will blossom "after the war." At times one even feels a little anxious about it. Firm intention universally exists to effect the radical reform of everything, so that one finds oneself clinging perversely and out of habit to some at least of the old abuses.

'Twas a bad world. It is a bad world. But the new world foreshadowed is alarmingly new. Like the tiled bathroom wittily objected to in Mr. Somerset Maugham's play, one has a sensation that journeying through this new world will be like sitting in an antiseptic tube train flashing through gleaming stations with frequent incursions of a liveried guard bawling: "Next station Hyde Park Corner." Such a bathroom would be bad. Such a world would lack variety.

One longs, by contrast, for the Lake Isle of Innisfree. A thatched cottage, not too clean, and rather incompetently run somewhere in Ireland! Lotus-eating. The sirens' song. These dreams must be resisted.

Yet they rise irresistibly after a day with one of our coming competitors who anticipate the gleaming new world.

Our friend began it over breakfast. The room was draughty and the fire smoked. His egg was not too fresh. He remarked thereupon that "after the war" the egg supply would be run by the State. An Egg Minister in view! Every morning new eggs to be landed at every door in motor-carts. As to fireplaces, why we've never understood them in lazy old England. "After the war" the Government will see to it that properly fanned and ventilated grates and central heat. . . . (A Fireside Minister!) And the street. . . . In the street, it was the same with him. Clearly he foresaw an entirely reformed municipal spirit, scrutinising our pavements and removing every speck. The rates? "After the war" people's communal spirit will be so unselfish that they won't mind about the rates.

Gradually—we could see it—his mind warmed to the theme.

New theatres, new cinemas, new music-halls, new statues—everything better and brighter.

The sun came out, a cold but piercing brightness of the windy March day. He took it as an omen. Daylight saving claimed him, and the new "spelling." Food reform. Hygienic bakeries. Garden cities. No smoke. No crime. No dirt. No drink.

"No human beings then?" we objected.

Now, don't mock! No cynicism. No sarcasm—after the war. All shining tiles, like a bathroom.

Let us get away to Ireland and that thatched cottage. A little old-fashioned dirt does no harm from time to time.

W. M.

## DEEDS AND WORDS.

The deeds we do, the words we say,—

Into still air they seem to fleet.

We count them, ever past;

But they shall last,—

In the dread judgment they will stand.

—KIM.

## WHAT THE ASSIZES OF VICTORY WILL BE.

### MEANING OF THE GREAT CONFERENCE IN PARIS.

By AUSTIN HARRISON

(Editor of "The English Review").

IT was a French Minister who coined the phrase, the Assizes of Victory, in reference to the Allied Conference which is to meet in Paris, to discuss the bases of an all-Allied economic union. It is a good title. There are the fruits of victory and there is the judgment of victory. The Conference of Paris will undoubtedly lay the foundations not only of a new political economy, but of a new international era.

Mr. Lloyd George justly said the other day that no good will be obtained by the mere spirit of revenge, the essential thing being the respective self-interests of the peoples concerned. I agree. Men don't do business on revenge. We

was going to represent us, with his breath of the New World, his directness of view, his manly straightforwardness, his grip of the essentials, his Australian fighting personality. What I would refer to is the apparent reluctance of the Government to see the immediate advantages of the principle of economic union—as a positive military weapon.

### WHAT THEY MOST FEAR.

Mr. George hinted as much the other day. Now, it is here that it seems to me the conference may be of tremendous utility. Having lived in Germany off and on for fifteen years, I can say that I know the thing the Huns fear most is England's economic arm—tariffs, an economic policy aimed at Germany and German interests. They fear that in every counting-house in Germany; more than our Navy even, they fear our tariffs.

What is the war about? It is Germany's bid for economic power, more lands and markets, greater riches, wider fields for exploitation. Obviously, then, the war must lead to a result one side or the other. The whole war is really fought for that power, which

## WORK AND PAY.

### WHAT SERVICES PRODUCE THE LARGEST MONEY REWARD?

CHARLIE AND TOMMY.

SURELY it is no new discovery that the most valuable work does not receive the most rewarding sums of money.

Those of your readers who compare Charlie Chaplin with Tommy Atkins must be very young in the ways of this old world. A. M. E.

### WHY DOES HE TAKE IT?

IN answer to the Rev. Pemberton Lloyd, may I say that the reason Charlie Chaplin receives a salary of £150,000 a year is that the country he is receiving it in (the United States of America) is at peace and very prosperous, and the show business men who are "running" him find him worth that salary, and are enabled to make very handsome profits through his services. As to its being "marvellous" that any man would take it, it would be more "marvellous" if any man refused it, if offered to him! —SHELLBACK.

### IF HE WERE TO JOIN.

WITH reference to the Rev. Pemberton Lloyd's remark about Charlie Chaplin, I think he could not realise the enjoyment that would be meted out to the brave defenders of our country and their relations who are depressed owing to the war, if Charlie were to don khaki.

It is only one case in a thousand where such a salary is paid, and, if one counts the number of lives that are brightened by Charlie's acting, he does not seem to be receiving such an outrageous reward. A. L. and B. G.

### ENGLISH "SPELING."

I DO not altogether agree with your correspondent, the Rev. Hugh Powell, that mispronunciation is the parent of inaccurate spelling.

Children learn to spell largely from sight, not from ear. Consequently they do not learn to recognise the true sounds of syllables in order to spell them, ear training is almost wholly neglected and bad pronunciation is the result. What aids to pronunciation is there in the spelling of the following words, taken at random:—

As, was; bough, cough, dough, tough; fraught, laugh; but, put; head, head; ever, fever!

ANDREW BRODBICK.

### IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 26.—Many bulbs bearing blue flowers are now in full bloom and, where thickly planted, lay sheets of colour over the ground. The chionodoxas look very pretty when growing among narcissi or on the rockery. The Siberian scillas, with their small, brilliant blue flowers, are also invaluable, while in shady corners the Grecian anemones make a charming display.

Then there are the dainty early grape hyacinths (muscari), bulbs that do well in almost any position and subjects that are especially decorative when massed on some sunny grass bank. E. F. T.

## BENEDICK-BROWN'S WAR ECONOMIES.—No. 4.



Why not do one's washing at home? It ought to be easy. But perhaps it isn't as easy as all that!—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

don't live on hatred, and can't, because hate is an extreme, and the top-note is not a normal condition. Eliminate revenge by all means. Stick to self-interest; now what is the issue?

The issue is the Allies' trading relations with Germany after the war and how to get the upper hand. As always, it is a question of principle, and on our part it comes down to this: Are we prepared to enter into an economic understanding, whether through tariffs, interchange of capital, etc., or otherwise, with those who have fought with and for us; (1) to fight the German central European league, which already exists in idea and even in embryo; (2) to enable us to sweeten our own interests and country of German influence and subterranean war machinery; (3) to derive from the war the benefits we have fought and died for, and so by our own strength and economic solidarity prevent a repetition of the old loose conditions which, as we now know, nearly plugged us in ruin.

To this conference we are to send Mr. Runciman. I will say no more to-day about the larger issue except that I wish it was Mr. Hughes who

It is our inherent advantage to hold from our heritage of the sea.

I say, use it now. Declare it as our principle. Make it the fighting issue, not in words and phrases, such as we won't stop till the German "holme" has been humbled (we have a surfeit already of pledges and protestations), but in terms of action. Yes, in one of Mr. Asquith's redoubtable formulae, for all to read and ponder on.

It is our right. We did not wish to fight. No nation in the world is more willing to live and let live than the British. To-day we are propelled forward by other forces and considerations, and they are the forces of life-preservation. I believe if in Paris the Allies can arrive at an economic formula and can proclaim to Europe that England, France and Russia have agreed to reap what they have sown on the battlefields that it will be a judgment; the greatest victory we have yet obtained, and that from those assizes the doom of William the Hohenzollern will be signed. The hope of Germany is that we won't learn the lessons of the

war; that we shall go back to our insular trade theory; that when the soldiers have returned the politicians will revive to rattle the "bones" of the party minstrelsy, and that we shall all be so glad the bloody work is over as to forget what it was all about.

We may yet, if we are not careful. The happy warrior is in private life only too often an absent-minded man.

That is why I would wish to see a man of the type of Mr. Hughes present at the conference. Quite apart from the prospective questions at stake—and they are of incalculable significance—there is its fighting policy, its immediate effect, its positive military influence to take into consideration, whatever shape or form the declared principle may subsequently assume.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Pray for a strong soul free from the fear of death, which regards the final period of life among the gifts of Nature.—Juvenal.



## THE 'MIDDY.'



Midshipman Anderson leaving Buckingham Palace after being decorated by the King

## PROGRESS OF MR. HUGHES.



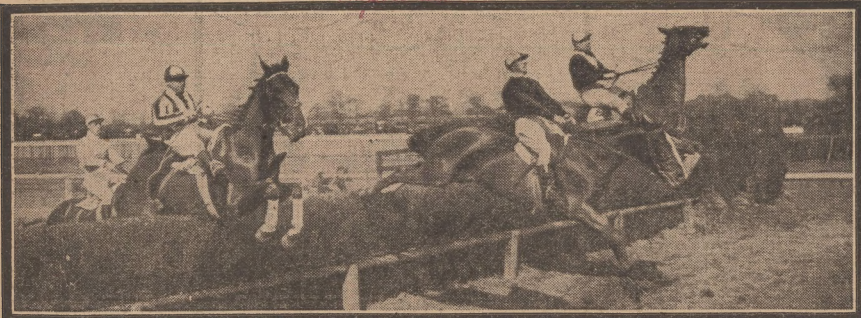
Mr. Hughes, the Australian Premier, who has been living such laborious days, receiving the freedom of Cardiff. They have evidently told upon him, as he is confined to his bed with a chill.

## THE WRECKED L77 SEEN



This heap of debris represents all that remained of the Zeppelin, which was shot down near Revigny. The photograph was taken from the ground.

## GATWICK MEETING: THE SURREY STEEPLECHASE.



Taking an obstacle in the Surrey Steeplechase, which was won by Valentine Maher. — (Daily Mirror photograph.)

## KEEPING THEM BUSY.



German sailors who are acting as Red Cross men. They are being given various duties until, if ever, "the day" should dawn.

## THE "75" ESCAPED.



A French "75" which was vainly bombarded by a German gun. The ground was torn up all around it, but the weapon was undamaged.

## ARMY DOCTOR MARRIED.



Lieutenant D. Charteris Graham, M.B., R.A.M.C., and Miss Norah Campion West, who were married at St. Stephen's, Westminster, on Saturday. The bridegroom comes from Kalimpong, Bengal.



## ROLL OF



Captain the Joicey, I.V.C., killed in action.



# IN ITS NATIVE ELEMENT.

(Brig Red)



On the day after it was so skilfully shot down by the French gun-  
croplane.—(From the Illustrated London News.)

# PRINCE HENRY SPENDS A DAY IN THE FIELD

P.8680B

P.8680B



The Public Schools Officers' Training Corps held a field day at Berkhamstead on Saturday, Prince Henry, the King's third son, being present with his fellow Etonians. The photographs show him in the firing line and on the march. He spent an exceedingly strenuous day.

## WITH THE RELIEF FORCE IN MESOPOTAMIA.

11914F



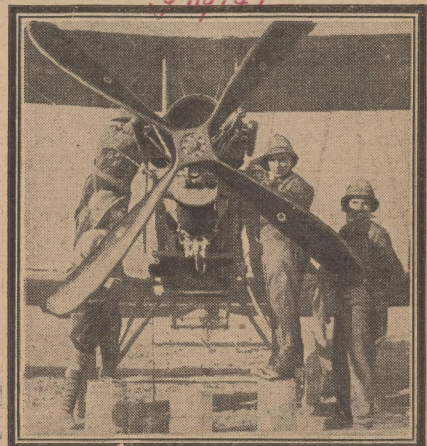
Bridge of boats which was built by sappers and miners during the battle of Shaik Saad.

11280



Turks captured at Shaik Saad.

11914F



An aeroplane undergoing repairs.

## INTERESTING WEDDING.

118791 (Brig Red) 118791



Miss Hilda Lillian Margery Cecil, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. W. Cecil, of Whitehall, and Mr. J. R. K. Hamilton (late 2nd Life Guards), who were quietly married in London on Saturday.

## HONOUR.



S. J. D. (Brig Red) 118791

The battle of Shaik Saad was one of the fiercest engagements fought by the British Army which is trying to relieve Kut-el-Amara, where General Townshend has been besieged for some time. Our forces operating on the right bank of the Tigris have just captured a Turkish post by a surprise attack. There were only four casualties.



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By MARK ALLERTON



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**REV. HUGH GRIEVE,** Rosalie's husband, who is not a man of the world, but is very much himself a man.

**ALAN WYNNE,** an irresponsible, but clever, artist with the accompanying temperament.

**ROSALIE GRIEVE** is riding home in an omnibus. There is one young man in particular who watches her with a kind of bland interest that is disconcerting.

His interest becomes so embarrassing that Rosalie leans forward and asks him, ominously, "Do I know you?"

The young man tells her that he knows she is Mrs. Grieve. And then Rosalie remembers—he is Alan Wynne, whom she had once met when she was staying in artistic circles in Paris.

They talk over old times, and she arranges to dine with him and some artists in Soho.

When Rosalie reaches home she tells her husband of the meeting. The Rev. Hugh Grieve, who has made a great success of his church, feels a sudden antipathy. And then he remembers it is Alan Wynne who has been setting Northbury Park by the ears by his unconventionalities.

Wynne sees Rosalie home after the merry evening in Soho. Her husband is waiting for her. His face is very grave and serious. He tells her that one of his wardens has been telling him more strange stories about Wynne.

Rosalie makes a light reply, and Hugh Grieve's anger rises. His remarks become more biting. He gets angrier—angrier at himself, angrier at Rosalie. Finally, he tells her that she must not see Wynne again.

But one day Rosalie says that she is invited to a fancy dress ball to which Wynne is going. Her husband asks her not to go. But later Rosalie finds on his desk a letter to someone called "Lucy," and enclosing a cheque for £100. Lucy is really a very young waster named Lucien, who has been bothering Hugh Grieve for money.

She is very angry, and when a ticket for the ball comes from Wynne she decides to accept. But she does not actually go, though her husband, unknown to her, goes along. Rosalie finds this out, and goes to Wynne's studio to have her portrait painted. Hugh Grieve discovers the visits and denounces her.

Her friends the Bettisons are going to Paris, and Rosalie has a wild longing to go with them. She goes to Wynne's studio again, and he asks if he may take her over to Paris. Rosalie says, "Yes."

## GOSSIP IS BUSY.

THE promise had scarcely escaped Rosalie's lips ere, terrified at what she had said, she regretted it.

Wynne gave her no opportunity of speaking. He appreciated her fears and sought to dissipate them by his enthusiasm and confidence. His strongest argument was that by going away Rosalie might impress Hugh with a sense of what he was losing, and so win him back.

He elaborated this, and Rosalie found his argument graphic pictures of the life Rosalie had found so dear to her. He carried her away by the sheer force of words and enthusiasm. Then, more quietly, he sought to convince her that his way out was the best. He believed sincerely in his case. He was convinced that only by going away could Rosalie find happiness.

He left Hugh out of his thoughts. Hugh he despised as one who could not appreciate the treasure that was his. He was letting it slip out of his grasp—driving it away, indeed.

Then, by the fire, he evolved his plans. Rosalie was too overcome by the dread possibilities of the step to object. He would do other than acquiesce. She could only think that she had been in prison, and that Wynne had thrown open the gates. She could escape.

Had she not remembered that Wynne had said that by going away she might bring Hugh back to her, she would have recalled her promise, have vehemently protested that she must have been mad to give it. She clung to the hope that Wynne was right. She strove to still her fears by telling herself that a visit to the Bettisons in Paris was no irrevocable step; that soon, very soon, she would come back to Hugh; that all might yet be well.

When they parted her plans had been made for her. It had been agreed that they should not meet again until they met at the midday train at Victoria on the following Monday. Wynne had insisted on that. He feared that if they met again his influence might have waned and that she might change her mind.

Rosalie was to write to the Bettisons announcing her arrival. He was to get the tickets and take her to the Bettisons. He himself would remain in Paris, but would go on to Avignon. And Hugh was to know only when he read the letter that Rosalie should leave behind.

"Courage, Rosalie!" were his last words. "It's a big step. But it's the only one. And God grant it may lead to happiness."

When Rosalie had gone from him, he sat for a long time by the fire in his sitting-room. He was thinking that, in what was to be done, he must play the smallest possible part. When he had given Rosalie into the keeping of the Bettisons he must for ever go out of her life. Loyalty to her good had demanded that. His own honour, which once he had forgotten, demanded that.

He knew that to make the sacrifice would-tax his strength to the uttermost. He sought to

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

fortify himself by the knowledge that Rosalie had no love for him. She had told him that. Her heart was still in the keeping of Hugh Grieve. His concern was her happiness. His own happiness was to be his sacrifice to hers. Because of his love for her he prayed for strength to make it.

And Rosalie made her way back to the vicarage, feeling that the censorious eyes of the world were upon her, that fingers were pointed at her, that people, as they passed her, were whispering—

"There goes Rosalie Grieve, who treated her husband so badly."

As yet she only dimly understood that what she did in innocence would be interpreted as guilt. When the narrative of her flight came to be told not one salacious detail that imagination could supply would be omitted. All blame possible would be heaped upon her.

"Our vicar's wife," they would say, "ran away to Paris with an artist called Wynne, a fellow on whom nobody called—altogether an undesirable person. How humiliating for the vicar!"

As yet the echo of the comments of Northbury Park had not reached her. She did not yet completely understand the nature of the step she was taking. It appealed to her now only as a respite. A week, a fortnight perhaps, and she would come back, her senses cleared, her character fortified, her determination to be a good wife to Hugh made resolute and strong. It would be only for a little time, such a little time—

Dusk was falling early that evening. Big rain-clouds drifted across the sky. It was the tea hour at Northbury Park, and the streets were deserted. From prim windows shone shaded lights.

A tradesman and a constable saluted Rosalie. She was still a person of importance in Northbury Park. After Monday, what would they think of her? She wondered. After Monday! She went through the gate of the vicarage, feeling like a traitor about to betray his own home. She hoped fervently that Hugh would be out. She was certain that if they met he must assuredly read her secret in her eyes. She knew for certain that at one word from him she would confess her secret and throw Paris to the four winds.

Mr. Grieve was out, she was told, but Mr. Moss was in the drawing-room. He had said he would wait, either for Mr. or Mrs. Grieve.

Wondering what he wanted, and without removing her outdoor things, Rosalie went to him. He was seated by the fire, reading a picture paper. He rose at her entrance. His back was to the light, and Rosalie could not see his expression, but she felt an instinctive sense of hostility.

Good afternoon, Mr. Moss. Do I understand that you want to see me?"

"Yes, Mrs. Grieve, if you can spare me a few minutes." He spoke nervously, working with the brim of his hat.

Certainly. Do sit down. Shall I ring for tea?"

"No, thank you. My errand is a most distasteful one, I am carrying it out only under compulsion."

Rosalie switched up another light. Now she could see Mr. Moss's face. His thin lips were tightly compressed. His little eyes shone apprehensively. There was, withal, an air of aggression in his manner.

Rosalie raised her eyebrows.

"Do tell me," she said, sitting down.

"My errand is really with Mr. Grieve," he began.

"I should think that Hugh will be back at any moment," said Rosalie.

"Yet, since my errand concerns you, perhaps it is well that I should tell it to you." The nervous eyes blinked.

"I agree. What is it?"

"Mr. Moss coughed. 'It concerns,' he said, 'certain gossip that is current in Northbury Park. The gossip is, no doubt, unwarranted and malicious. But we think that you ought to be told what is being said, so that you may help us to stop it.'

"Does the gossip concern me?" asked Rosalie, icily.

"You speak of 'we' and 'us.' With whom are you acting?"

"A group of your friends in St. Luke's."

"My friends? Very well. What is the nature of this gossip?"

Mr. Moss coughed again.

"Your name, my dear Mrs. Grieve," he said, "is being associated with that of Mr. Wynne. We think it only fair to you that you should be told."

Under her steadfast gaze that of Mr. Moss fell. "Please explain," she commanded.

## AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

"MR. WYNNE," began Mr. Moss, "has been unfortunate in offending a good many people in the neighbourhood. I will give these people this credit, that Mr. Wynne seems to have gone out of his way to offend them."

"Are you among their number, Mr. Moss?"

"I?" Mr. Moss looked startled. "Oh, I try to keep out of all that sort of thing. I have considered it my duty to examine the situation from the points of view of both parties."

Please tell me exactly what is in your mind."

"Well, this portrait of yours—you have given Mr. Wynne a great many sittings."

"Naturally! But how do you know?"

"Well, Mr. Wynne's neighbours—"

"Acted as your spies?"

"Really, Mrs. Grieve!"

"Go on!"

"Surely I need not say any more. This is exceedingly embarrassing for me. You know how people talk."

"You have not yet told me what they are saying."

"Just that—that you and Mr. Wynne are—are too intimate."

"In the opinion of the gossips, do you mean?"

Her eyes flashed scorn.

Mr. Moss bridled. "In a place like this one must respect public opinion. That is why I have put the situation plainly before you. I have dropped hints already to your husband. I don't know whether he has mentioned the subject to you, but—"

Rosalie sprang to her feet.

"You dropped hints!" she cried passionately.

"How dared you! You've tried to poison his mind! I wonder he did not send you out of the house—as I do now. Go! At once, please."

She pointed imperiously to the door.

Mr. Moss flushed hotly. Not so long as he could remember had he ever been treated like this before.

"I called to warn you," he stammered. "I undertook this most unpleasant duty for your sake, and you—"

"You did nothing of the sort!" cried Rosalie.

"This unpleasant duty, as you call it, is one entirely to your liking. Ever since I first met you I knew instinctively that you are of the type of men who like to make trouble. How dare you come to me with this vile gossip. You are insulting. Go at once, please."

He gathered up his hat.

"Don't say that I didn't warn you," he muttered.

She went quickly to the door and flung it open, standing there in silence. He followed her, like a beaten dog.

"I ought to have seen your husband," he said. "He would have understood. You are riding for a fall—both you and he. This sort of carrying on won't do at Northbury Park—you take my word."

His tone was threatening. Not by the movement of a muscle did Rosalie show that she heard. He turned to the door. His exit was barred by Hugh Grieve, coated and hatted.

"Hullo, Rosalie. . . . Hullo, Moss!" Then Hugh glanced at his visitor. "Hullo. . . what's the matter?"

Rosalie did not reply. She was too angry to speak.

"I shall tell you another time," said Mr. Moss, pressing forward.

"No; if you please, tell me now." Hugh looked strangely worried. "Come to my room—tell me now."

He stepped across the hall. Moss followed him.

Rosalie stared after them with burning eyes.

Hugh—her husband—was going for the explanation, not to her, but to Mr. Moss, the man who had insulted her beyond endurance!

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

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General Sir E. H. M. Allenby, the famous cavalry leader, reviewing French troops, to whom he presented decorations for bravery on the battlefield. (French War Office photograph.)





M. René Benjamin.

**The Mystery Man.**

An additional cachet is given to the book by the fact that even now no one knows much about its writer. He has no acquaintances in the literary and journalistic world, though he is a journalist. He was wounded early in the war, and during convalescence spent in Brittany wrote the book now hailed as a masterpiece.

**Keeping the Secret.**

The Budget, I hear, is to come along on Tuesday or Wednesday of next week, and so energetic has Mr. McKenna been, that only a few odd corners of his scheme remain to be rounded off. Several M.P.s are going to try to "draw" him during questions this week, but that is an old game, and you can trust "Reggie" not to show his hand till he's ready to play it.

**Back to St. Stephen's.**

I told you last week that Sir Edward Carson intended to spend most of his time now at politics rather than law, and now I hear that he's going to start straight in—that he's expected to preside at the meeting of the Unionist "ginger group" to-morrow, and that some interesting and vigorous speeches in the House may be expected from him shortly.

**Factory Parties.**

I told you a few days ago that parties of M.P.s were going to make trips to munition factories to see the progress that has been made. The first lot starts off to-day, and I'm told there's quite a rush of excursionists, because it's possible that the first idea of arranging these "visiting days" periodically may not be followed out.

**Premium Bonds.**

You've not by any means heard the last of War Loan Premium Bonds, and I was told yesterday that there are a number of quite influential men at St. Stephen's who mean to press the idea forward. Some of them are going to make initial moves this week in the form of questions to Mr. McKenna.

**From Trench to Bench.**

I hear that Lieutenant Dudley Ward, the member for Ransgate, is likely to make an appearance in the House to-morrow hot from aircraft work, and that there is likely to be a pretty little duel between him and Mr. Joynson Hicks about statements made by the member for Brentford on air raid matters. I'm told it's likely to be piquant.

**Employers' Peril.**

I hear that a number of large employers up North have been warned not to take on any new men unless they are sure that the workman is not liable for military duty. An employer who is convicted of giving work to a shirker would be legally guilty of "harbouring and aiding a deserter."

**The Chief of Stockbrokers.**

Although the elections to the Stock Exchange resulted in a few changes, it is not anticipated there will be a change in the chairmanship. Lieutenant-Colonel Sir R. W. Inglis has been chairman since 1907. He entered the Stock Exchange forty-four years ago.

**An Early Volunteer.**

One of the first Volunteers—he was in the Queen's Edinburghs, 1859-66—he joined the London Irish in 1872, and retired as lieutenant-colonel nineteen years later. He gave Stock Exchange members their rifle range four years ago.

**At Walton Heath.**

The other day at Walton Heath I noticed Miss Edith Leitch, who informed me, by the way, that she was for the moment "dead off," and a man—a powerful fellow he was—who was playing good golf with only one arm—the left. I heard he had lost his right hand in a hand grenade fight.

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

**A French Kipling.**

The man of the moment in Paris is René Benjamin, the author of a novel which everyone is reading, "Gaspard," the book which has been crowned by the Goncourt Academy, is the adventures of a common French soldier who, before the war, sold snails on Montmartre. He is a character as distinctive as Mulvaney himself.

**Hero Prince's Welcome.**

Paris has been giving a great reception to Prince Regent Alexander of Serbia. He is quite the hero of the midinette. When he comes over to London immediately after the Allied War Council a number of receptions will be given in his honour. Prince Alexander is, however, very modest, and dislikes being lionised.

**A Tortoiseshell Treasure.**

Mlle. Dorziat, the beautiful French actress, showed me yesterday a charming little fan of transparent tortoiseshell, painted with tiny flower garlands. That and an old miniature parasol are family treasures of her own which she is using in the production of "Disraeli" at the Royalty next month. She tells me that her hats were made for her in Paris and already a number of her friends are wearing copies.

**Heirs of Napoleon.**

I met in London yesterday a one-armed wounded French soldier, whose greatest pride is that he has become one of the heirs of Napoleon, having obtained a small pension from the estate of the Emperor. Before Napoleon died at St. Helena he set aside the sum of £80,000, the interest of which was to be used for providing small pensions for brave wounded French soldiers.

**Open Air and Work.**

The Baroness Percy de Worms believes in open air and work as remedies for most ills. Her two children, a boy and a girl, go for a brisk walk in the Park twice a day. The Baroness herself, though suffering from a cold, persists in doing a deal of war work. Her husband, the Baron, is a special constable.

**A War Worker.**

Mrs. Parker (Lord Kitchener's sister) is as energetic and indefatigable as her distinguished brother. I met her at a luncheon the other day where she was asked to say "a few words." They were brief and to the point, and within ten minutes of the finish of the meal Mrs. Parker was speeding away on war work. Clubs for soldiers' wives, the women signallers corps, and a host of like tasks engross her attention.

**"The Flower Queen."**

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Craven, already so well known as the lady who always manages to extract the largest sum of money each year for



The Hon. Mrs. Charles Craven.

a single bloom on Alexandra Day, has promised to rule over a flower booth at the Piccadilly Hotel on April 11. A café chantant has been organised by Miss Sybil Duncombe.

**The Haven.**

A friend tells me that Spurgeon's works on the Bible have been very much in demand of late. He knows of a "conscientious objector" who has stayed up far into the night picking out "peaceful" paragraphs to be used next day to confound the tribunal. "To what base uses," etc., etc.

**Mr. Ben Webster and "Kismet."**

I remember what a magnificent looking Khalif Mr. Ben Webster made in "Kismet." I was reminding him of this the other day, and he told me that he was not nearly so comfortable in his flowing robes as he appeared to be. They were made of wool, with wire stiffening, and, as Mr. Webster put it, "it was too dashed prickly for anything."

**Stronuous Days.**

I had a chat with Mr. Basil Gill in his room at the Garrick. When his call came it seemed strange to see him don fur coat, gloves and cap and a thick woollen muffler just to go on to the stage. He was telling me of his arduous work in a film play. Before eight in the morning he is motoring over twenty miles to the scene of action.

**The Tartan Girl.**

Miss Jean Aylwin, who has been taking a short rest by the sea before resuming her part in Harry Grattan's "All Scotch" revue, which makes its reappearance in London at the Palladium to-day, is looking as bonny as ever. She is proud of the wonderful part Scotsmen and Scotswomen are taking in the war, and naively (or slyly) remarked: "Well, of course, it is no more than you could expect of them."

Miss Jean Aylwin.

**A Tartan Craze.**

Miss Aylwin started a tartan craze in New York in 1910 when she appeared there in "Our Miss Gibbs." She says she now feels as gaily as the Scot who planted thistles in New Zealand, for the tartan is still as popular with American women as it was when the passion for it was first awakened.

**Moran Outpointed.**

So Jess Willard, the giant heavy-weight boxing champion of the world, has obtained a verdict on points over Frank Moran, the Pittsburgh dentist. But it was only a ten rounds affair. I don't think there is a white man living who could beat the Pittsburgh puncher over the full course.

**Smith v. Reeve.**

There should be a great night at the Ring, Blackfriars-road, to-night, when Sergeant Dick Budge is staging one of the most important boxing matches of the year. Sergeant Dick Smith is meeting Harry Reeve, and the match should go far to settle the question as to who is really our light-heavy-weight champion.

**Without Music.**

A very late train was responsible for a very awkward situation at the London Press Club on Saturday, where the members were entertaining eighty wounded soldiers from the London hospitals. Miss Marie Lloyd arrived, but the pianist did not, and members were sent to search Fleet-street for a substitute, but Saturday afternoon is not the time to find musicians at street corners. Miss Lloyd had, however, no intention of disappointing the boys, and, mounting the stage, gave three songs in her usual inimitable style. And what a reception she received at the finish!

**The Conductor's Charm.**

The Germans have not altogether lost their sense of humour. Here is a little story from *Ulls*:

"Look here, my friend, what on earth are you waiting for? You've been standing here for an hour in the pouring rain."

"I'm waiting for a cat."

"But at least five have just gone by."

"Yes, but not the one with the pretty conductor!"

**A Dead Singer.**

The death of Mr. Maurice Farkoa in New York will revive many memories for London playgoers. I first saw him in "The Circus Girl" when he was at the zenith of his popularity. As a singer of light songs—of the drawing-room variety—he had a remarkable vogue for a time.

**Women Who Annoy.**

1. Women who refuse to accept a man's seat in a train, making the man feel particularly uncomfortable.

2. Women who discover they want to get out of an omnibus immediately after it has started.

3. Women who find at a booking office they've no change.

4. The woman who tells her friend all the family history while watching a really thrilling play.

**A Theatrical Novelty.**

So Mr. Oswald Stoll is going to reopen the London Opera House on Easter Monday. There will be a performance every afternoon and every evening, but the character of the entertainment will be more theatrical and less of a variety kind than at the Coliseum. It sounds an interesting experiment.

**"She Smiled."**

I am sorry to hear that Miss Mabel Russell has not recovered from her severe cold, but although she is not yet fit enough for rehearsals of "She Smiled," she knows every line of her part.

THE RAMBLER.



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FAMOUS NOVEL AS A FILM: Mlle. DELYSIA IN THE PART OF "SHE."



"She" kisses Leo before entering the flames.



Holly rushes into the judgment hall, where "She" is judging the prisoners, and says that Leo is dying.



Leo and his guardian, Holly, open the casket.



"She" attends to Leo during his illness.

APPEAL FOR HIS HAIR.



Mr. George Walker, of Ilford, who told a tribunal that he did not object to non-combatant service so long as he had not to cut his hair, which, as seen, he wears very long, to shave, or eat flesh.



Leo, Holly and his servant being led across the mountains.

What is probably Sir Rider Haggard's best-known and most popular novel has been "filmed." Mlle. Alice Delysia appears as that extraordinary character from which the novel takes its name.—(Film rights, Lucoque, Ltd.)

IN THE POLICE AND CORONER'S COURT.



Mr. Isaac Bowen, the chemist, who made an error in a prescription.



Mrs. Carpenter, who was a witness at the inquest on the women.



Thomas Maude, a War Office clerk, who was charged.

A FIRM FRIENDSHIP.



Sir E. H. H. Allenby decorating a French soldier. It was one of those pleasant incidents which have done so much to cement the friendship between Britain and France. (French War Office photograph.)